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ONE SHILLING.

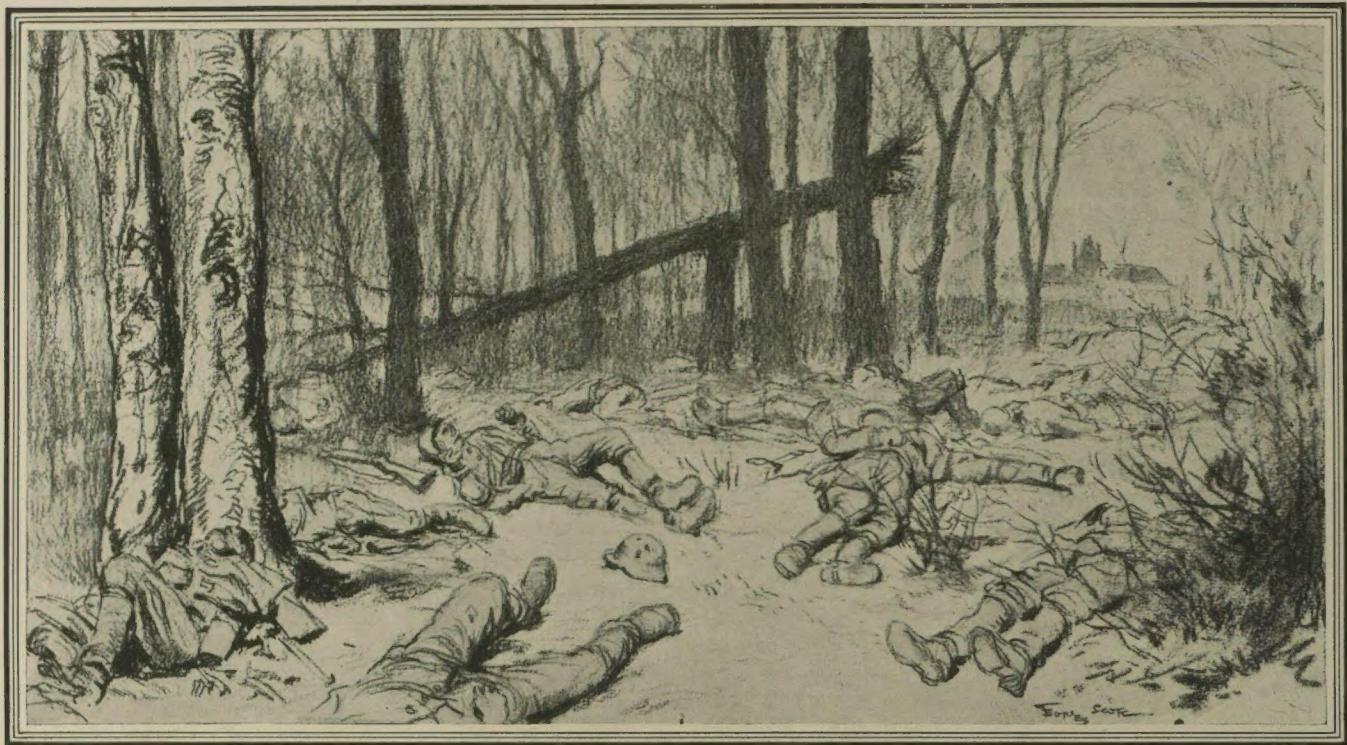
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FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM: CZECHO-SLOVAK WESTERN FRONT TROOPS TAKING THE OATH.

The Czechoslovak volunteer troops, whose doings in Russia and Siberia and in Italy have recently given the enemy a taste of "the dogged invincile stanchness of their race," are strongly represented on the Western Front as well. In Russia and Siberia, the Czechoslovak forces are mainly recruited from former Austrian Army ex-prisoners of war, liberated when the Revolution broke out last year, at the same time as the German, Austrian, and Hungarian prisoners in Russia. On the Italian front, the Czechoslovak battalions are also mostly ex-prisoners of war, taken by the Italians, who have

enrolled under the Italian flag against the Austrians as the hereditary oppressors of their native land—Bohemia. The first Czechoslovak Legion in France was formed some time ago, and fought as a corps attached to the French Foreign Legion. Since then its numbers have been increased by compatriots assembled from all over the world on the appeal of the "National Czechoslovak Council," until the Legion now counts as a Western Front army corps, with its own red-and-white national flag. The colour of a battalion, recently presented by the City of Paris, is seen here being sworn allegiance to.

Where the Prussian Guard were Hard Hit: After a Fight.

THE SCENE OF THE FINAL DRIVING BACK OF A PRUSSIAN GUARD ATTACK: DEAD OF THE KAISER'S FAVOURITE CORPS D'ELITE.

The scene is on one of the battlefields in Northern France where the Prussian Guards have been brought into action. They are, of course, the pick of the German Army, and are recruited from all over the Empire, the tallest and best-grown men in each levy being taken for the Guard. In the background are seen the church and château of a

French village held by a single French battalion. For two days the garrison beat off four Prussian Guard regiments (twelve battalions). When reduced to less than 200 men and nearly at their last cartridge, help arrived, and the Prussian Guards were driven off "fighting from tree to tree, in the wood by the village." The scene next day is shown here.

FROM A DRAWING ON THE SPOT BY GEORGES SCOTT. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

On the French Front Defending Paris: A Battle in Progress in the Open.

WHERE A GERMAN THRUST ACROSS THE MARNE TOWARDS PARIS WAS HELD UP: UTILISING THE SHELL-CRATERS AMID GRASS MEADOWS.

The artist sent with the sketch the following notes: "The view gives an idea of the ground where the Germans have been held up. It is largely open meadow-land, with, here and there, shell-holes amidst the summer grass. A shell is seen bursting at one

place. To the left, infantrymen are seen making for the cover of a field redoubt. On the right, others are turning shell-craters into rifle-pits. In the foreground to the left is a farm-labourers' roller, left there a few hours before by the peasants."

FROM A DRAWING ON THE SPOT BY GEORGES LEROUX. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE "ACHILLES HEEL" KICKS: THE EXPLOSION OF A DEPTH-CHARGE.

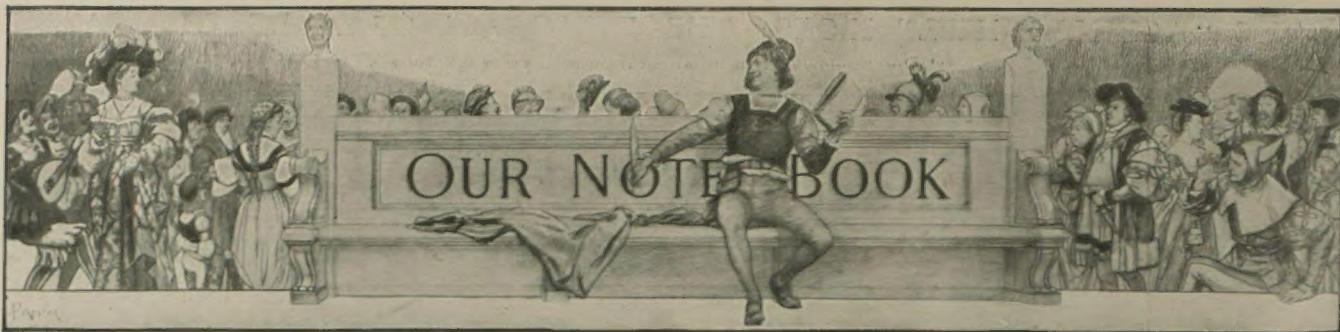
FROM THE EXHIBITION OF NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR, AT THE PRINCE'S GALLERIES.



"ONE OF THE MOST POTENT WEAPONS WE HAVE AGAINST THE SUBMARINE": A DEPTH-CHARGE EXPLODING WITH A TREMENDOUS UPHEAVAL OF THE WATERS.

We reproduce here one of the wonderful Naval photographs on view at the Exhibition at Prince's Galleries, Piccadilly, held under the auspices of the Photographic Section of the Ministry of Information. Every Briton is interested in the doings of the Navy, and the Exhibition is proving a huge attraction. This photograph was taken at very close quarters, and shows the tremendous upheaval caused by the explosion of a depth-charge, and the enormous column of water and smoke that arises from it. "These depth-charges," said Sir Eric Geddes in opening the Exhibition, "are one of the most potent weapons

we have against the submarine." The preface to the Exhibition catalogue says: "When Tirpitz organised his campaign of 'frightfulness' against our merchantmen, he thought he had found the 'Achilles Heel' of the British Empire, and the day when we should go humbly down on our knees and beg for peace was frequently advertised in the German papers. But the German, who always underrates his enemies, forgot British ingenuity and pluck, and the photographs show what wonderful resource the Navy has displayed in overcoming what, at one time, was a very serious menace."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

OUR friends at the Front might well be excused if they were tired of fighting, though they seem to fight better than ever. But some of our friends at home seem to be tired of thinking—indeed, they talk at random because they do not think at all. They are in the mood in which even final differences seem only to be fine distinctions. It is as if a General in the field were too bored, or too impatient, to recognise the fine shade between Austrian troops and Australian troops. Yet I have met among civilians an impatience of the plainest thinking which would practically be quite as ruinous. They cannot open their eyes and see—I will not say the inward, but even the outward and obvious truth.

Here is one example of what I mean. Many papers have commented on the last utterance of the German Chancellor about Belgium. And many pacifist and semi-pacifist—nay, many patriotic papers also, have reported it in a reassuring fashion, as a simple statement that Germany gives up all claim to Belgium. Nobody whose words I have read seem to have seen the simplest and most self-evident fact about it. The German Chancellor said that under no circumstances would he keep Belgium, but that he would use it as a pawn with which to bargain. Some doubt and some defend his sincerity; others merely wish to know with more precision what his words mean. Nobody seems to have pointed out the plain fact that his words mean literally nothing. His words are in themselves inconsistent not merely with truth, but with each other. His sentence contradicts itself, and makes no sense. You cannot bargain with a thing unless you are ready to keep it if the bargain is not satisfactory.

Suppose a hatter, pointing to a hat in his shop, declares with passion that he will never, never keep it—that, rather than remain in the same shop with so hateful a hat, he will give it away or throw it away. And suppose, having said this to his customers, he then says to the same customers that he means to sell the hat and to screw them up to a stiff price for it. We should probably suspect that such a hatter was indeed the archetypal and proverbial mad hatter. If his customers could really be certain that he would give away the hat for nothing, they certainly would not give him anything

for it. The truth is that they are not certain, whatever he may say about it; and this because the case is complicated by other and older facts. It is complicated by such a detail as the fact that the hatter originally stole the hat from the man to whom he is trying to sell it. In other words,



THE COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH ARMY NORTH OF THE OURCQ IN THE GREAT COUNTER-OFFENSIVE: GENERAL MANGIN.

it is complicated by the fact that he is not only a mad but a bad hatter; and that his badness affects the head and the heart as well as the hat. It is a part of the same truth, of course, that Baron von Hertling's expression about using Belgium as a pawn is itself a denial or a justification of the wrong done to Belgium. You can only bargain with something which you assert to be your own. I can offer to sell Baron von Hertling my own hat, though I am sure no German aristocrat would be seen in it, and though it is a form of trading with the enemy in which I do not propose to indulge. But if I attempt to sell Baron von Hertling's hat, say, to President Wilson or the Emperor of Japan, the German aristocrat may begin to remember a morality forgotten with the invasion of Belgium. These are exceedingly simple truths, yet they seem to be discovered with difficulty not only in Germany, but in England.

What he means, of course (apart from what he says, which means nothing), is not that he will certainly give up Belgium, price or no price, but that he is pretty certain that we shall be fools enough to give him a good price for something that is no more his than my hat. He probably did not think the time was ripe to particularise about the price. We do not know yet what trifle we may be expected to give up in return for giving Belgium to the Belgians. Norfolk and Suffolk, now, would naturally go together—far more naturally than Alsace and Lorraine. Traced back through their Teutonic names to their Teutonic origins, they would figure as the North Folk and the South Folk in many a professor's full and formal inventory of the German Empire. Perhaps the British Navy, with a slight sprinkling of its

principal ports or harbours, would be regarded as a reasonable equivalent for a pawn. This, however, is a merely idle and imaginative speculation. I do not seriously suppose that the German Chancellor would ask for Norfolk or the Navy; but I do most seriously assert—what is indeed self-evident—that he has as much right to these as he has to anything as the result of any bargain about Belgium. He has as much right to two of our counties, or all our counties, as he has to the slenderest strip of the smallest colony; he has as much right to the largest fleet as he has to the smallest favour—when these concessions are avowedly being made to him as a reward for having robbed the weak.

And here is another example of what I mean by thoughtless ignoring of the obvious. Why on earth are certain people going about, at this time of all times, saying that it is clear now that neither side can win, and that there can be nothing but a compromise? The peculiarity of the present situation is that it is a *race* between a temporary German superiority that *might* win and, failing that, an ultimate Allied superiority that practically *must* win. At the moment when the game is really being lost or won, there are men so stupid as to talk of stalemate.

Of course, it is not really a question of stalemate, but of stale players—or rather, of stale spectators. I know these critics are not really fools, or anti-patriots, or even pacifists, but simply tired people. It is not a mood in which the truth about anything can be clearly seen. It remarks on anything about the German Chancellor's speech except what he really says; it is expressed by anything about the great colliding armies except what they are really doing. It can only recur vaguely to the sense that peace is healthy and natural, which is like saying that sleep is healthy and natural when a man is in danger of going to sleep in the snow and never waking up again. Our duty for the present is primarily to keep awake; and, for all the roar of the guns, there are some who are already asleep. It makes no difference that they walk in their sleep, as travellers or newspaper-correspondents; or talk in their sleep, as politicians or public lecturers. And fronting them all the time is a fact which is a foe—their foe as much as ours, and the destroyer of all that they love as well as we.



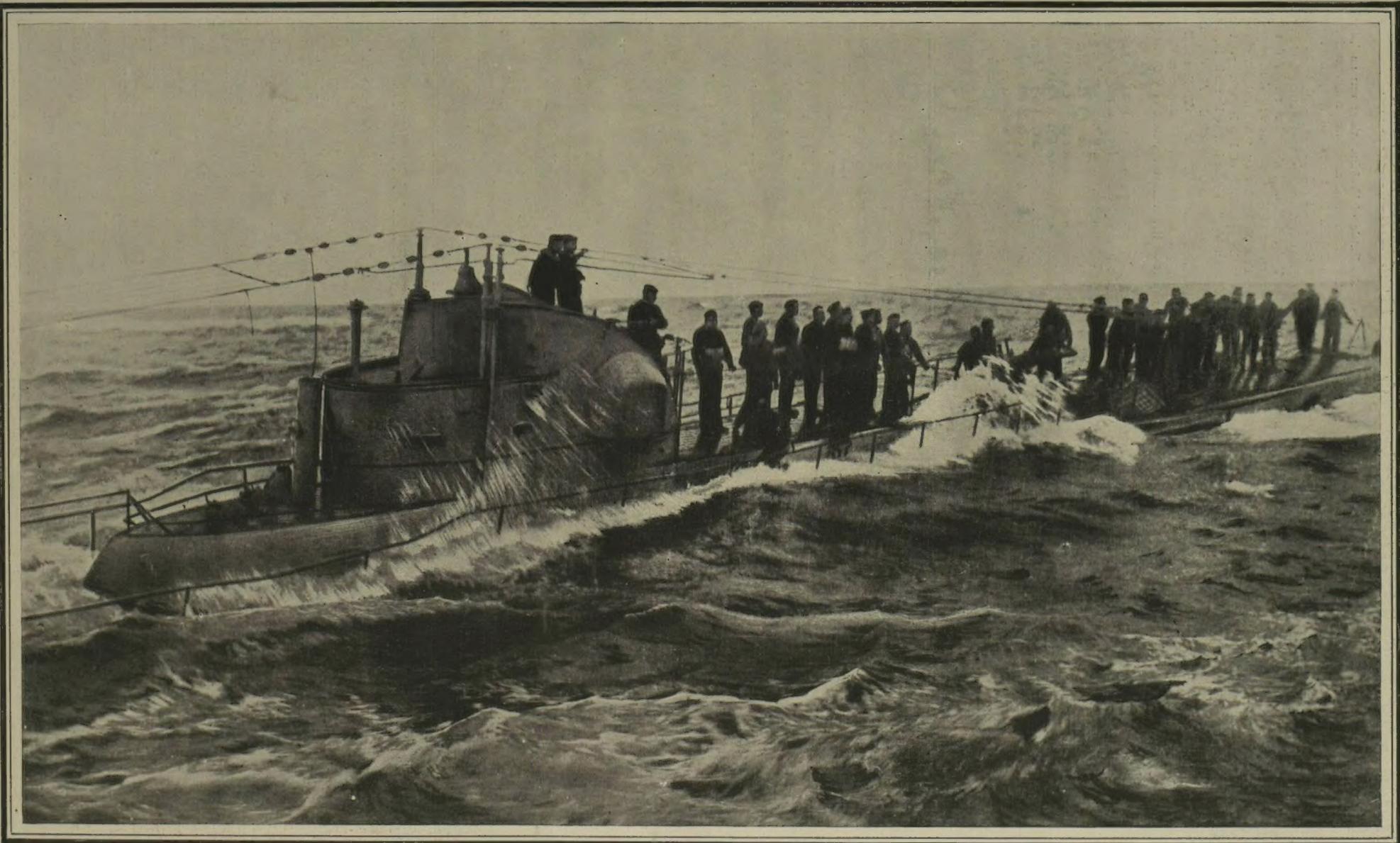
THE COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH ARMY SOUTH OF THE OURCQ IN THE GREAT COUNTER-OFFENSIVE: GENERAL DEGOUTTE.—[French Official Photograph.]



THE COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH FORCES WHICH BROKE THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE EAST OF RHEIMS: GENERAL GOURAUD.—[French Official Photograph.]

"KAMERAD! KAMERAD!" THE CREW OF A U-BOAT SURRENDERING TO AN AMERICAN DESTROYER.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR AT THE PRINCE'S GALLERIES.



"THE U-BOAT CAME UP TO THE SURFACE, AND A SHORT CHASE ENSUED BEFORE THE WHOLE CREW CAME UP ON DECK AND HELD UP THEIR HANDS":

A GERMAN SUBMARINE CAPTURED BY THE U.S. DESTROYER "FANNING."

One of the most dramatic of the many wonderful Naval photographs in the Exhibition at the Prince's Galleries is that reproduced above, showing the crew of a U-boat surrendering to the American destroyer "Fanning." The account of the incident given in the Exhibition catalogue says: "While escorting a convoy, the look-out of the 'Fanning' sighted a periscope about a foot above the water. She immediately headed for the spot and dropped a depth-charge, which, according to the prisoners captured, wrecked the submarine's machinery and caused her to sink to a considerable depth. However, the U-boat came up to the surface, and

a short chase ensued before the whole crew came up on deck and held up their hands. The photograph was taken by William A. Wiggins, B'Smith, U.S. Navy, U.S.S. 'Fanning.'" The Exhibition at the Prince's Galleries, which has proved exceedingly popular, was organised by the Photographic Section of the Ministry of Information. A visit to it is not only a matter of patriotic duty, in order to understand what the Allied Navies have done and are doing to protect us at home, but the Exhibition is well worth seeing for its own sake, as it contains some of the most wonderful examples of photography that have ever been produced.

THE MIRAGE ON THE BATTLEFIELDS.



By ARCHIBALD HURD.

WE might search history long and diligently for a better example of the potent influence of sea-power than recent events on the Western Front have provided. It was the custom in pre-war days to think of the British Fleet exclusively as an engine of destruction; it was either that, it was said, or it was valueless. Mr. Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, always kept in the view of the House of Commons and the country the ordeal of battle by sea, resembling the contest between Mamilus and Hermenus at the Battle of Lake Regillus. "It will always pay the stronger Naval Power," he contended, "to lose ship for ship in every class; the process of cancelling out would conduct us, albeit by a ghastly road, to certain victory and to a condition, not of relative, but of absolute superiority." That conception of war, a series of fierce and devastating encounters, one following the other in more or less rapid succession, was the right one to hold in peace. But it has not been our experience during the past four years. We have learnt that naval power seldom works as a Nasmyth hammer, since the weaker Power can shelter behind its coastal artillery, its mine-fields, and its mobile defences and, surrendering the fruits of victory to its opponent, can evade decisive action.

This war has provided few examples of the British Fleet as a weapon of destruction, but every day's communiqués from the various fronts exhibit it as an engine of construction. After four years the battle squadrons of the German High Seas Fleet are at least as strong, actually though not relatively, as they were on Aug. 4, 1914. If we desire to see the most conspicuous work that the British Fleet has been doing, we must glance from the sea to the land. Then we notice that it has been the support of the Allied Armies, which, one and all, are the extensions of sea-power. The success with which the enemy's offensive movements in France and Italy have been broken has been due as much to the fleets as to the armies, for the former have supplied the Allied troops with reinforcements of men, guns, and ammunition until at last the balance of military power has turned in our favour.

We thus obtain a fresh conception of the influence of ships of war, which, denied the opportunity of battle, yet contribute to victory by adding strength to the one side and sapping strength from the other. Our histories do not record the fact, but that is how sea-power has always most markedly exhibited itself. After

the Battle of Trafalgar there was an interval of ten years without a fleet action, and in that period the British Fleet rendered its greatest services. On the one hand, it supported Wellington, and on the other, it wore down the strength of Napoleon. "Under it," as Mahan has reminded us, "the resources of the Continent wasted more and more with each succeeding year, and Napoleon, amid all the splendour of his Imperial position, was ever needy." Under it also, he might have added, the size and efficiency of the Allied Armies increased steadily, if slowly. A French historian has put it on record that "they were the ships of Nelson that were the victors of Waterloo."

History is repeating itself under our eyes, and the time will come when, in imagination, all men will recognise, as in a mirage, amid the dust and smoke of the battlefields of France and Italy the dim shapes of the battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines of the Grand Fleet, supported by the lesser forces of France, Italy, Japan, and the United States. Those vessels will become familiar not so much as agents of death as agents of life to the cause of honour and justice, and the final and beneficent arbiters in the struggle of democracy against autocracy.

THE AMERICAN AS A PATRIOT.



By E. B. OSBORN.

PATRIOTISM has always been a ruling passion with the American citizen, however recent his arrival in the wonderful country where—

The nations old on earth
Once again are brought to birth.

A striking proof of this assertion is to be found in the famous toast of Commodore Stephen Decatur given at Norfolk, U.S.A., in 1916: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!" This is the most unqualified expression on record of the love of country that comes by nature, and it has been taken as a text for scores of lay-sermons against Jingoism (which is a vice, no doubt, being a virtue in excess), or in favour of the Internationalism which, in some of its later manifestations, is anxious to substitute war between classes for war between nations. Even the author of "The Biglow Papers," writing as the Rev. Homer Wilbur, took up his parable against Decatur's challenge, declaring that "our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth she ceases to be our mother and becomes *quasi noverca* (a stepmother, as it were)." Lowell, however, was a staunch New

Englander, and inherited a double share of that overweening confidence in the individual's judgment of what is just or unjust in statesmanship which has always bred shoals of conscientious objectors to the most righteous wars in Old England. His point of view has never been accepted by the average American, whose Americanism is not a thing to be argued with when the fighting has once begun.

It is easy to show that the American's whole-hearted devotion to America, his first love and his last, is illogical in itself. It has the same beautiful absurdity as appears in the conduct of the devout lover who will not listen to a word against the beloved, daughter of earth though she be, with the usual dowry of redeeming frailties. But, as Jowett was in the habit of telling the budding statesmen of Balliol, men are not ruled by logic—indeed, the great nation-compelling motives have always been rooted in unreason, mightily so and mystically. That is why a great war is a great act of mysticism. Judged by results, the flaming patriotism of the Americans has justified itself gloriously. It has enabled the community to absorb the most indigestible racial elements. The German remains a German in this country; in America he is nearly

always a stout American, whose loyalty to his land of origin takes the harmless form of a liking for lager-beer, Christmas-trees, interminable sausages, and Hans Breitmann's ballads. I met an American soldier of German descent the other day who told me he was glad he could talk "Dutch"—for he would be able to tell the enemy just what he thought of the Kaiser!

It is patriotism, beginning at home but not ending there, which has been the driving-force from first to last in the making of modern America. The friendly rivalry between neighbouring towns and cities is only equalled by that which used to release so much latent energy in Lancashire—where, for example, the Rochdale man who found a wife at Bury was said to have married a "foreigner," though the two towns are almost within sight of one another. At the present moment all these countless local radio-activities of American life are united in a white-hot determination to smash the military power of Germany once for all—and the slacker or slacker has about as much chance of surviving over there as a moth would have in the blast of a steel-furnace! The conscientious objector is already extinct there outside the vast cities, where a man can lose himself.

THE MURMAN RAILWAY.



By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.

THE importance of the Murman coast and its ice-free bays was not hidden from the far-seeing gaze of Peter the Great, that remarkable and frenzied genius who was so anxious to Europeanise his country that he constructed on a swamp, the foundations resting on piles, his famous window to Europe, to which he gave the German name of St. Petersburg, and the building of which was probably one of the most wonderful engineering feats of the eighteenth century. Before that event Peter paid three visits to Archangel, and did much to stimulate the trade of that region. But the first Russians to settle in the Murman came from Novgorod in 1264. Ivan the Terrible, in his wars with Sweden, found it necessary to fortify the settlement of Kola, and had it renamed the Citadel of Kola in 1550.

Peter the Great strengthened this citadel, and had it called the Fortress of Kola. In 1780, however, the Empress Catherine II. had the fortress dismantled, and erected an arsenal and constructed a harbour some thirty three miles from the spot at the mouth of the Gulf of Kola, which was called Ekaterina (of Catherine) Harbour, and where it was intended to make a naval port. This idea was abandoned, and in 1801 we, being at war

with Russia—then, as now, the ally of France—destroyed the harbour. In 1855 we served Kola similarly.

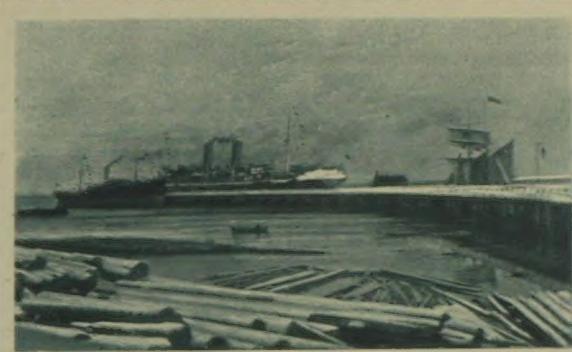
In 1876 the Russian Government reawakened to the economic importance of the Murman coast, and offered inducements to settlers, the most valuable of which was the privilege of importing foreign goods duty free. It was reserved, however, for M. Witte, Russia's great Minister of Finance, who visited Archangel and the Murman coast in 1894, to see the advantages to be derived by Russia from the opening up of this region. At that time the province of Archangel possessed in Alexander Engelhardt a Governor of extraordinary energy and initiative. Thanks to him, M. Witte was impressed with the necessity of bringing this Ultima Thule of Russia into closer communication with the rest of the Empire. As a result of this visit the Murman coast was connected with the telegraph system of Russia, and a railway from Archangel to Vologda was built.

It was, perhaps, natural that Engelhardt should urge the construction of a railway from Archangel and not from Kola; but the great European War opened the eyes of Russia's rulers

to the importance of an ice-free port for procuring supplies throughout the winter, and the advantages of the easily accessible Murman Coast were too obvious to be ignored. Thanks to the benevolent influence of the Gulf Stream and the shelter afforded by the mountains, the winter—which lasts from the end of October to the end of March—is comparatively mild; the sea never freezes, nor are ice-floes encountered; moreover, the remains of the old Ekaterina Harbour were ready to hand.

A railway was therefore built, but the engineers encountered nearly insuperable obstacles in consequence of the swampliness of the ground throughout the entire length of the line. Another disadvantage of the country is that, being swampy, it is infested by mosquitoes. These disadvantages disappear, however, in the winter; and it is more than probable that during the summer it may be feasible to connect the various lakes and navigable rivers by canals, thus providing an alternate route. It is, in any case, most satisfactory that we have taken possession of the best part of this new line, by means of which we command the whole of Northern Russia, and may reopen communications with Petrograd and thus assist the Russians to throw off the hateful rule of the Bolsheviks.

THE ALLIED LANDING ON THE MURMAN COAST: A PICTURESQUE REGION.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS: KEM—THE LINER "KURSK" AT THE RAILWAY QUAY.



NEAR THE SHORES OF THE WHITE SEA: KNIAJA-GOOBA IN THE KEM DISTRICT—A GENERAL VIEW.



A NEW ICE-FREE ARCTIC PORT ON THE MURMAN COAST IN NORTHERN RUSSIA: MURMANSK HARBOUR.



IN MURMANSK HARBOUR: THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "CHESMA" LYING AT ANCHOR, AND OTHER SHIPPING.



UNDER DEEP SNOW: A STREET IN MURMANSK.

IN a Central News telegram from Amsterdam, published here on July 16, it was reported: "A message from Moscow states that British and American troops have occupied the whole of the Murman coast. They have captured Kem, and are advancing to Soroki, when the Soviet authorities have withdrawn. The Entente commanders have issued an appeal to the population, requesting help against Germany and Finland in order to save the Murman coast, and declaring that the Murman coast is Russian territory under the protection of the Entente Powers." Kem is on the White Sea.



SHOWING REINDEER-SLEIGHS: THE QUAY AT MURMANSK.



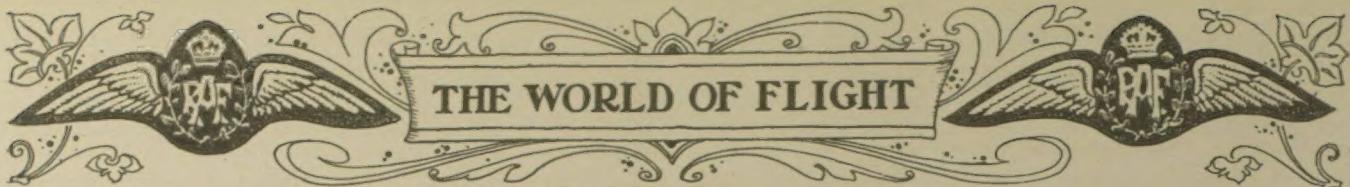
WHERE BRITISH AND AMERICAN FORCES ARE SAID TO BE: KEM—A QUAY BELONGING TO A SAW-MILL.



AN EARTHWORK ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER KORAL: TYPICAL SCENERY IN THE MURMAN REGION.

The importance of the Murman coast is due to the fact that the new harbours of Murmansk and Alexandrovsk are free of ice all the year round, as they come within the influence of the Gulf Stream; while Archangel, on the White Sea, is frozen over for eight months of the year. Murmansk is a new town that has grown up quite recently at the terminus of the Murman railway connecting it with Petrograd, constructed during the war. The line and the ports thus constitute a vitally important means of communication with Russia, and they are threatened by the presence of the large German forces in Finland. The Murman Railway, which is 987 versts (658 miles) in length,

was begun in March 1915, and completed in November 1916—little more than a year and a half. It was financed out of Russian State funds, and constructed under State supervision. It touches Kem, on the White Sea, where a new port was made, 8 versts from the town, on Popova Island, and connected with the main line by a branch track. After Kem the line, going northward, follows the shores of the White Sea till Kandalaksha, at the most western point of it. From Kandalaksha the line crosses the Kola peninsula, and reaches Semenova Islands, in the Kola Bay, where a new town, Murmansk, is situated, and which is the terminus of the line.



AIRSHIPS IN THE WAR.

AMIDST all the glamour surrounding the gallantry of the Allied aeroplane pilots and passengers, the work of the airship crews is somewhat apt to be forgotten. Though undoubtedly less spectacular than that of the aeroplane people, it is none the less of the very highest value to all the Allied nations; and those who are responsible for the design, manufacture, and operations of the airships deserve greater credit than has hitherto fallen to their lot.

At the outbreak of war the Germans were far in advance of any other nation not only in the size and numbers of their airships, but in their experience. Much as one may hate the Zeppelins and all their works, there is no disputing their efficacy. Setting aside their minor operations, such as the dropping of bombs on undefended towns, the Zeppelins did really sound naval work over the North Sea.

As an example, one may mention that the crew of one Zeppelin received the Iron Cross all round for scouting operations in co-operation with submarines, which resulted in the sinking of the cruisers *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, and *Hogue* quite early in the war. And it is said that Zeppelin scouts also enabled the German High Seas Fleet to escape after the Battle of Jutland—or the Horn Reef, as the Germans call it—by indicating the direction taken by the British Fleet which was endeavouring to cut off the German retreat. Such work alone would be enough to justify the existence of the Zeppelins, even if one left out of account the hindrance to transport and to munition production caused by their raids over England, which a member of the Government, Mr. Kellaway, set forth in a speech last year.

To-day the Zeppelin menace, so far as overland raids are concerned, is practically negligible, for aeroplanes and anti-aircraft guns are the masters of the airship. But at sea the Zeppelin is still of high value as a scout for the German Fleet, and to some extent as a guard against submarines. Nevertheless, as an anti-submarine weapon the German airship is somewhat at a discount, except actually in German waters, for a very good and interesting reason.

The Allied Fleets hold the command of the surface of the sea. Therefore, if a British or French submarine espies a Zeppelin, it comes to, or stops on, the surface and opens fire with its guns, which have a far better chance of hitting the Zeppelin than the Zeppelin has of bombing the submarine. The Allied submarine is able to do this because its commander knows that if there are any surface ships in the vicinity they must almost certainly be on his side, and will help him against the airship. On the other hand, if the commander of a German submarine in the North Sea, or the Channel, or the Atlantic, sees an airship, he dare not remain on the surface and attack it, for he knows that if there are any ships within hail they will attack him.

Thus one sees how the command of the surface of the sea still affects the whole course of the war,

even in its newest manifestation. And it is for this reason that the Allies' airships have been of such immense value during the past two years in which the Germans have waged "unlimited" submarine war.

At the outbreak of war the French had some fairly large airships of the non-rigid type—that is to say, the type with an external gas-bag, instead of the series of small gas-bags inside a rigid frame as in the Zeppelins. The Italians had several comparatively small airships of somewhat similar type; and the British had two medium-sized non-rigid, one a German-built Parseval and the other a French-built Astra-Torres. There were also some small home-made British ships, but they were never used on active service.

The French ships were used largely for land

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

to Paris, in 1910-11. This proposition was that a number of small gas-bags should be built in a hurry, and that underneath each should be slung a complete aeroplane of obsolescent type, minus its wings, the gas-bag giving the lift, and the wingless aeroplane the power and navigating possibilities. Lord Fisher at once saw the utility of the suggestion, as did Commodore Sueter, who was then in command of the Royal Naval Air Service.

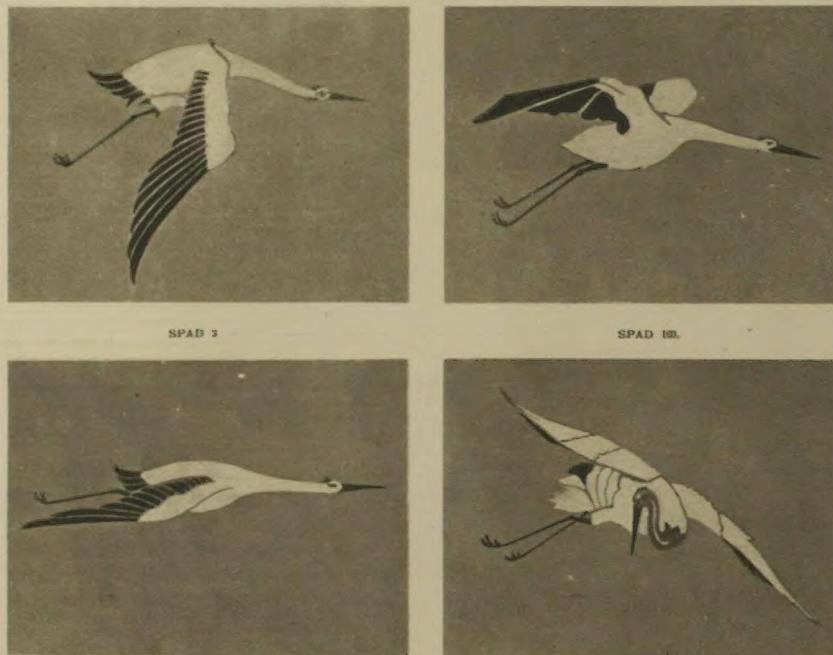
A number of these curious little mongrels were built, and, though they were officially called the "S.S. Type"—or Submarine Scout—nobody in the R.N.A.S. ever called them anything except "Blimps," an onomatopoeic nickname invented by that genius for apposite nomenclature the late Horace Short, of seaplane fame. Somehow, the rotund abruptness of the word seemed to fit the

machine to perfection; and, though the Blimp of to-day is a special brand of its own and a very different thing from its mongrel ancestors, nevertheless it is still so called by the older airship people. The early Blimp was quite fast, and many long patrols were made with the type. Later developments gave it far greater speed and longer range, with consequent increased utility. How many food-ships have been saved in the Channel alone from hostile submarines, thanks to the observation of the ubiquitous Blimp, one would hesitate even to guess; but some day, perhaps, the Airship Department may be induced to overcome its natural modesty and publish figures for some period so long past as to convey no information to the enemy. And the Blimp has a fine record in the Mediterranean and Adriatic as well as in its home waters, for not only did the R.N.A.S. take Blimps

with them to the Levant, but many of these little ships were sent to Italy when that nation joined the Allies.

How great is their success the Germans probably know better than anyone else, for they know how heavily their submarines have suffered from depth-charges dropped by British airships and by gunfire from surface-craft directed from airships. Also, the good neutral "skipper" who has to run the gauntlet of the Allied Fleet's blockade of the Northern Ocean knows how difficult it is to escape the watchful eye from the air even when the surface-ships have missed seeing him and roping him in for inspection.

The French airships on sea patrols in the Channel and in the Mediterranean have also done most valuable business, besides doing much very clever work over-land in France. The Italian airships have done a surprising amount of bombing of Austrian military objectives far inland at night, and their seagoing airships have also bombed Austrian ports, as well as doing the usual duties of anti-submarine patrols. Therefore, taking it all round, one is doing bare justice in saying that the airship as a weapon of war has far exceeded expectations, and has proved to be of the very highest value.



FRENCH AEROPLANE-MARKS: THE BADGES OF THE FOUR SQUADRONS OF THE STORKS GROUP (LES CIGOGNES).

work at night, and most of them were lost in one way or another fairly early in the proceedings. The two British ships, which belonged to the Navy, did most astonishing work. Practically from the day war began, in August 1914, till near Christmas, the Parseval patrolled the Straits from Sheerness to the French coast, and along the Belgian coast to Flushing, every day. People in the districts over which she passed used to say that they set their watches by her outward journey. One is glad to be able to say that her commanding officer is now reaping a just reward for his skill in those early days, and occupies a high position in the now very large naval airship branch of the Royal Air Force. The Astra-Torres also performed her duties very regularly, and was navigated with great skill. Both kept regular watch against submarines, and so safeguarded the transport of the British Expeditionary Force.

Later on, when submarines became more frequent and dangerous, the need was felt for more airships to act specifically as submarine scouts. A proposal was put up to Lord Fisher at the Admiralty by the pioneer of British airships, Mr. E. T. Willows, who had himself built a little airship at Cardiff in 1908-9, and had navigated his second model from Cardiff to London, and thence

THE FATE OF NICHOLAS II.: THE EX-TSAR; HIS WIFE; AND SON.

THE THREE UPPER PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOISSONNAS AND EGGLER; 4TH, COPYRIGHT OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

THE WIFE OF THE EX-EMPEROR:
THE TSARITSA.THE SON OF THE EX-EMPEROR:
THE TSAREVITCH.THE EX-EMPEROR OF RUSSIA:
NICHOLAS II.

A HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH—ON THE STUMP OF A TREE FELLED BY HIMSELF: THE EX-EMPEROR NICHOLAS, CLOSELY GUARDED, IN THE GROUNDS OF TSARSKOE SELO SHORTLY AFTER THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

At the moment of writing, it seems certain that the ex-Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, about whose fate there were recently many conflicting rumours, has actually been put to death. A Russian Government message received by the Admiralty through the Wireless Press, and published on July 22, contained the following statements: "Recently Ekaterinburg, the capital of the Red Ural, was seriously threatened by the approach of the Czechoslovak bands. At the same time a counter-revolutionary conspiracy was discovered having for its object the wresting of the tyrant from the hands of the Council's authority

by armed force. In view of this fact, the Presidium of the Ural Regional Council decided to shoot the ex-Tsar Nicholas Romanoff. This decision was carried out on July 16. The wife and son of Romanoff have been sent to a place of security." Nicholas II was born in 1868, and in 1894 married Princess Alix, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. The Emperor and Empress had five children, the Tsarevitch and the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Marie, and Anastasia. The photograph of the ex-Emperor at Tsarskoe Selo appeared in our issue of August 11, 1917.

WORK AND PLAY IN WAR: BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS; ANZACS; WOMEN CARPENTERS; A CHINESE ENTERTAINMENT.

BRITISH, AUSTRALIAN, NEW ZEALAND,

AND AMERICAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



THE ART OF NOT DRAWING ENEMY SHELL-FIRE: A WARNING NOTICE POINTED OUT BY A CONTROL-MAN.



AT BATTLE-PRACTICE: A MAN OF A MACHINE-GUN CORPS DURING SPECIAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT DRILL.



ONE OF THE VERY MANY BROUGHT DOWN BY THE ALLIES: A GERMAN AEROPLANE "CRASHED."



WITH THE U.S. TROOPS: AN EMERGENCY ANTI-AIRCRAFT "BATTERY"—ON A SUPPLY-CART.



WITH THE AUSTRALIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE CONSTRUCTION OF A REINFORCED-CONCRETE SHELTER.



WOMEN CARPENTERS OF QUEEN MARY'S A.A.C. ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BUILDING AN EXTENSION TO THEIR WORKSHOPS.



THE CHINESE LABOUR CORPS AT PLAY: GIVING AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR SOLDIERS AND NURSES IN AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF A MINE: MANNING THE CRATER, WITH MACHINE-GUNS AND RIFLES.



DRAWING UP THE DÉBRIS: NEW ZEALAND ARTILLERYMEN BUILDING AN UNDERGROUND "HOME."



AT A "TANKDROME" ON THE WESTERN FRONT: DOWN TWO KINDS



FRONT: SOLDIERS ENGAGED IN WASHING DOWN TWO KINDS



WITH THE ARMoured PILL-BOX INTO WHICH THE SENTRY RETIRES DURING SHELLING: AN EXAMINATION-POST IN THE FORWARD AREA.

Something of the extraordinary variety of occupations involved in modern campaigning is illustrated by these photographs from the British and American fronts in France. The fourth photograph in order shows a typical instance of American resourcefulness. The men shown in it had mounted an anti-aircraft gun on the gate of a supply-cart, thus preparing themselves to meet any surprise attack on the part of German airmen. Particularly interesting is the photograph of the women carpenters of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps

(more familiarly known as the W.A.A.C.S.) at work on a task of a kind not hitherto regarded as within the compass of women's activities. Very interesting, also, in another way, is the illustration of an entertainment given by members of the Chinese Labour Corps—a little glimpse of the Far East amid the turmoil of the West, which seems somehow to challenge Mr. Kipling's dictum that "never the twain shall meet."

THE UNITED STATES AT WAR.

I.—A BRIDGE OF SHIPS ACROSS THE OCEAN.

* By Edward Marshall.

I DO not remember which American official it was who coined the term which heads this article, but one did, in forecasting America's production of troop and cargo-carrying ships. I remember, also, that a few days later I saw comment from the German Press. It was laughing, scornful. But was it not a German General who spoke of England's "contemptible little army"?

The "bridge of ships" with which America spans the Atlantic will not be so obvious, but it will be incredibly effective. Already (carrying the figure of speech a little further) more than a million and a half of men have crossed the temporary structure which the great Republic improvised. The ships available made a tonnage insufficient to meet the mighty requirements of the task admittedly confronting the United States—that of carrying across the sea something like five million men, their munitions and their armament, and, later, keeping vast armies perpetually supplied, so that the resources of the European Allies would not be depleted by their friends. And practically all America's yards had to be constructed, practically all her men trained.

When the first shovelful of earth was dug, the greatest of these new yards, close to Philadelphia, was forested—a wilderness without buildings, docks, shipways, or railways for the transportation of material. Here, while the engineers made their elaborate plans for an utterly new kind of ship-construction, railway workers laid their irons, barrack-builders sawed and hammered, matched and bolted, and dredgers spooned away the bottom of the great Delaware River, so that vessels could bring up material, and the new vessels, later on, could slip into water deep enough to float them. Long before this work was even nearing its completion iron and steel mills in all parts of the country were preparing plates.

America had few trained workers with which to man these yards, but she had armies of trained structural steel-workers, for in America steel-building construction has been carried further than it has elsewhere. By the same token, her mills were perfectly adapted for the making of steel beams for buildings, but not for making ships' ribs, strakes, and keel-lengths. So ships were planned which would use structural building steel; and on the ocean at this minute gallant vessels sail whose beams really were rolled for use in some far skyscraper in an inland American town. From all quarters of the compass came standardised plates and beams and furnishings and rigging for these standardised vessels, which at that time existed only in the keen imagination of experts. One steel office-cabinet concern began to build ships' lockers to the exclusion of all else. The engine works of the whole land were divided

into three classes—one for the building of the mighty power-plants for the hundreds of new ships which soon would sail the sea.

Let us review what has been done. I find the process comforting. Note, by the way, that when I speak of "tonnage" in this article I wish to express the American and not the British meaning of the word. "Tonnage," in the American sense, is dead-weight, not capacity. It is important to remember this.

Since the United States entered the war there have been laid the keels for 546 steel ships, aggregating 3,629,772 tons; for 350 wooden ships, aggregating 1,208,750 tons; for 30 concrete ships, aggregating 105,500 tons. At the present moment there are building in America 293 steel ships, aggregating 1,960,250 tons; 282 wooden ships, aggregating 89,500 tons; one concrete ship of

word. It is interesting to note that maximum American ship-production, even with the present equipment, will not be reached till March of next year. By that time much new equipment will be in operation. Of that which will be built but fifteen per cent. will be required for troop-transport, leaving eighty-five per cent. for food and supplies of other sorts for all the Allies' armies. They are not likely to go hungry, therefore. Germany has no new Ally to give her men and all supplies. The Russian débâcle must be insignificant when compared to the American apotheosis. For the plans as made contemplate continuous production, steadily augmenting, for twelve years to come. Perhaps the "bridge of ships" may be almost a literal fact before those twelve years end. Certainly before they end, America, where all supplies for ship-building are natural products, needing not an inch of ocean-transportation, can and will give to the world sufficient tonnage with which to win the war, and completely rehabilitate the countries which the Hun has devastated.

Consider what has been accomplished in the way of growth. A year ago America had less than 150 shipways, employing only 45,000 workmen. Now she has more than 800 ways, and 325,000 men at work on them under the control of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, entirely aside from individual builders—like Henry Ford, who is launching "Eagle Boats" with startling speed—and entirely aside from naval shipyards, where war-vessels are con-

structing with extraordinary rapidity. The certain aggregate of all this building staggers the imagination. In the whole United States are now 393 ship-building ways for steel ships. Estimate the minimum production for each way at one ship of but 5000 tons per year—which, of course, is quite absurd. That alone would give the country quite two million tons of new steel shipping annually. The launch of the *Tuckahoe* in fifty-five working days indicates a speed much more than four times as great. Four times two millions! Alas, poor German submarine! In the meantime, naval builders are working with speed and energy. I have told about the Ford performances. At the Mare Island Navy Yard the Government is building torpedo-boat-destroyers one in every seventeen-and-a-half days.

While the submarines were working on the New Jersey coast a fisherman broke suddenly into violent laughter on one of the patrol-boats. "What are you laughing at, you idiot?" the First Officer inquired. "The Kaiser," said the seaman. Was he wrong? For each of the 23,331 tons destroyed during the six days of that mad and unexpected raid, five tons were launched in the same period—to be exact, an aggregate of 144,500.



ONE OF FATE'S BIGGEST IRONIES: THE HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINER "VATERLAND" (NOW THE "LEVIATHAN," AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT) ARRIVING AT A FRENCH PORT WITH TROOPS.

The "Vaterland" was one of the fleet of German liners seized in American ports when the United States entered the war. She has been renamed the "Leviathan," and is now employed to bring American troops (of whom she carries 12,000) to fight the Germans in France—one of Fate's biggest ironies.

Drawn by Henri Kudans.

3500 tons. None of these figures include war-ships or whatever sort.

So much for all that has been begun since the commencement of America's war. But there may be some who count a ship upon the ways as a mere promise. What is the record of American ship-promises which actually have been kept? Since the beginning of the war 261 ships of 1,665,943 aggregate tonnage actually have been launched, 73 wooden ships of 260,000 aggregate tonnage actually have been launched, and six composite ships of 23,000 aggregate tonnage actually have been launched. On July the Fourth alone (and these are not included in the previous figures) 95 ships of nearly half-a-million aggregate tonnage slid down the ways, shrieking on the well-greased timbers as they went—a new Declaration of Independence for the whole wide world—indeedness of such relics of the past as Kaiserism.

For the year to come before the next Fourth of July, Charles M. Schwab, Director-General of Shipbuilding for the United States, and head of the American Emergency Fleet Corporation, promises more than 3,000,000 tons dead-weight carrying capacity in actual service. No one ever has known "Charlie" Schwab to break his

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE: AMERICAN TROOPS AND LEADERS.

BRITISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



PASSING A BRITISH GENERAL ON A FRENCH ROAD: AMERICAN TROOPS IN "SUMMER FRANCE."



MARCHING TO THE MUSIC OF A BRITISH BAND IN FRANCE: TROOPS OF THE VICTORIOUS AMERICAN ARMY.



AWARDED THE G.C.M.G.: GENERAL TASKER BLISS, U.S. REPRESENTATIVE AT VERSAILLES.



AWARDED THE G.C.B.: GENERAL PERSHING (ON THE RIGHT), THE U.S. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF; WITH GENERAL FOCH.



AWARDED THE G.C.M.G.: GENERAL PEYTON MARCH, THE U.S. CHIEF OF STAFF.



A GAS-MASK RELAY RACE FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS: A PAIR OF MASKED RUNNERS STARTING.



ASSEMBLED WITH FULL KITS AND READY FOR ACTION: AMERICAN TROOPS ON THE AISNE FRONT.

The splendid exploits of the American troops at various parts of the Western Front, notably in their counter-attack on the Marne, and later, along with the French, between that river and the Aisne near Soissons, must certainly depress the hopes of the enemy. The Germans do not now, if they ever did, regard the United States troops as a negligible factor in the war! The honour felt in this country for the magnificent American armies has been fittingly expressed by the King, in his award of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath to General Pershing, and that of the Order of St. Michael and

St. George to General Peyton March and General Tasker Bliss. These decorations to their gallant chiefs are symbolic of British feelings towards every man in the armies of the United States. As regards the photograph of the gas-mask relay race, it should be explained that, on the word "Go!" the runners don their masks with all possible speed, then seize a handkerchief, run, and tag the next runner in the relay, who, in turn, must put on his mask before he starts to sprint. The race stimulates speed in adjusting gas-masks, a matter which in a gas-attack can save many a soldier's life.

IN BATTLE ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: THE GUARDS ADD TO THEIR LAURELS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



GRENADIERS, COLDSTREAM, SCOTS, IRISH, AND WELSH GUARDS FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE AGAINST GREAT ODDS: THE STAND BETWEEN HAZEBROUCK AND ESTAIRES.

The Guards' fighting-record in the war stands out amid the foremost for deeds of heroism, and there has not once been any falling off in the quality of their surpassing feats of arms—nor is there likely to be. This picture shows one of the latest incidents: the gallant stand and charges of the Guards in battle between Hazebrouck and Estaires. It illustrates a noble story. The Guards came out of the action much "cut up"; but not one was made prisoner, none had surrendered. They held the ground all day against great odds and fought standing, or charging the enemy. One young Lieutenant, for example, charged all day with mere handfuls

of men—about twenty times in all. He was one of the few officers who remained unwounded at the close. He did not receive even a scratch. All the regiments of the Guards were represented in the brigade engaged: Grenadiers, Coldstream, Scots, Irish, Welsh. A Lieutenant-Colonel of artillery, who watched the fighting through a strong telescope, which brought it under his eyes as though it were taking place barely a hundred yards away, said of the Guards' battle that day that "it was the finest thing he had seen—and he had served in France all through, since 1914." [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



MOST of us, probably,

think of the British Empire in terms of continents; forgetful of the small fragments thereof which, a part of our inheritance, lie scattered over the world even unto the confines of the bleak and blizzard-swept Antarctic. As "possessions" we probably held these as negligible, or even not really worth holding. But the war has changed, or rather, enlarged, our standards of valuation, causing us, for the first time, seriously to overhaul our resources.

One of our most urgent needs was, and is, glycerine for high explosives. As the need for these became more and more pressing, it became necessary to tap new sources of supply; and these were found in the whale-oil which, for some years past, has been obtained in vast quantities by Scandinavian whalers in the far South. Happily for us, we controlled, by right of territorial possession, practically the whole of the shore whale-fishery of the Antarctic seas, including the coast of the Antarctic continent west of the Weddell Sea. Hence we had but to enforce our unquestionable rights to make all whaling licences issued by us contingent on the sale of the oil obtained, during the war, to us. What this means may be gathered from the fact that by the beginning of 1917 we had succeeded in obtaining no less than 660,000 barrels of this precious oil. This we obtained at about £37 per ton, while Germany had to pay about £300 per ton for such small consignments as she could obtain from Norway, or elsewhere. We had, in short, the command of the world's supply of this commodity.

We owe this treasure to the enterprise and daring of our forbears, who explored the ends of the earth, and hoisted the British flag over the most seemingly worthless and insignificant islands. The barren, snow-covered, wind-swept island of South Georgia is one of these. This island—the first known Antarctic Island—was added to the British Empire in 1775 by Captain Cook. Until the last few years it meant little or nothing to us. It is now the chief centre of the Antarctic whale-fishery. Inhabited only by vast colonies of penguins and elephant seals, till the foundation of the whaling industry there, it is still only a barely

OUTLIERS OF OUR EMPIRE.

possible place for human habitation; and when the whales are all killed out, as they are likely to be, it will revert once more, in all probability, to its former desolation.

Our needs, the needs of humanity at large, are desperate—thanks to the Hun—and hence during a recent season no less than five thousand whales have been taken and disposed of on this one island. They are killed at sea, and brought to the island to be converted into oil, guano, and material for cattle-food. The most valuable of

The oil of the sperm whale, in the pre-war days, was more valuable than that of the rorquals, largely because of its properties as a lubricating oil; but it yields no glycerine; hence, for the moment, it enjoys comparative rest from the whalers. When South Georgia has been thoroughly surveyed it may prove to yield yet other sources of wealth. But even if this is not the case, its whale fisheries, if properly organised and regulated, as they must be after the war, will make this hitherto neglected territory well worth the having. And in the near future we shall probably find unexpected treasure in the vast stretch of the Antarctic mainland which we annexed but a few years ago. Germany evidently fully appreciates the value to us of these, at first sight, useless, uninhabitable outliers; and hence her anxiety to get a footing in Spitzbergen; more especially since it is known to possess valuable stores of coal. But her designs in this quarter are not likely to bear fruit; for already Norway and Sweden, Great Britain, and the United States, have established rights there, and we are not likely to tolerate complacently the prospect of German "peaceful penetration" in this quarter.



ENEMY EVIDENCE OF THE BLOCKING OF ZEEBRUGGE: A CAPTURED PHOTOGRAPH—TAKEN BY A GERMAN AIRMAN, AND NOW ON VIEW AT THE PRINCE'S GALLERIES.

This remarkably interesting photograph shows how two of the three British block-ships attained their objective at Zeebrugge, being blown up and sunk at the mouth of the canal. The photograph, taken by a German airman, came into the possession of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Eric Geddes, who presented it to Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Information. It has been enlarged and coloured, and hung in the Ministry of Information's wonderful Exhibition of Naval Photographs at the Prince's Galleries, in Piccadilly.

all the whales obtained there is the Hump-back. And, owing to the ease with which it can be approached, it is probable that by the end of the war this species will be practically extinct—at any rate, in the Southern Seas. It is to be hoped, however, that a remnant will escape, for it is one of the most interesting species among living whales. One of its chief peculiarities is the enormous length of its breast-fins, or "paddles," which are further remarkable from the anatomist's point of view. The most numerous, however, of the whales in these forbidding seas are the Common Rorqual, and Sibbald's Rorqual; the latter attains the prodigious length of over one hundred feet, which makes it the largest animal which has ever lived. Sibbald's Rorqual is met with also in our own seas, but with us it never exceeds a length of ninety feet.

as we may have left for further consideration. Our ally, America, for example, has claims upon Heard Island, in the Indian Southern Ocean, since it was discovered, long years ago, by an American, and for years only Americans lived on its wild coast, for the sake of shipping cargoes of sea-elephant oil to New England ports. It is to be hoped that this claim will be speedily made good, to save squabbles in the future. Since Kerguelen Island, the nearest land to Heard Island, contains coal, it is probable that Heard Island will be similarly furnished, which, in view of the coming world-battle for coal, will make this island a valuable property. It would seem as if the Monroe Doctrine is condemned to die a natural death. And in this event, the Philippines may be retained with a clear conscience.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEAMAN, PARKS PRESS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUDENI, BORUP, LAFAYETTE, WALTER BARNETT, LAMBERT WESTON, DION, BASSANO, SPOTT AND GENERAL



LIEUT. EDWARD C.
CAMERON BING,
25th Canadian Battalion
Elder son of Mr. and Mrs.
Edward Bing, of Duke's
Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.



2ND LIEUT. ERNEST
KENNETH M. PAUL,
Royal Garrison Artillery
Son of Brigadier-General and
Mrs. E. M. Paul, of Cairo
Died of wounds.



LIEUT. RICHARD RAY,
Army Service Corps Motor Transport. Attached
Royal Garrison Artillery. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. Ray, of New Gardens, Matlock.



L.T. DAVID FREDERICK
BARCLAY,
Dragon Guards. Son of
Lieut.-Col. Hon. F. Barclay,
of Finsbury, General
and Mrs. Barclay.



LIEUT. JOHN GRAHAM
ANTELL FOCKLEY,
A.F.C. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. John Antell Fockley,
of Weston-super-Mare, and
Wife, Mrs. Fockley.



CAPT. JOHN LEONAN
FULL PATRICK, A.A. M.C.,
M.C.
Second son of Dr. and Mrs.
Ansel Full Patrick, M.D., of
Worcester, Worcester.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. AUGUSTUS
ROOSEVELT
Youngest son of Mr. Franklin
Roosevelt, reported killed as
dead in the war.



CAPT. G. R.
LUPTON,
D.S.C.
Royal Air Force. Son of
Mr. Charles Lupton,
solicitor, of Albion
Street, Leeds. Has
been officially reported
as having been killed
in action.



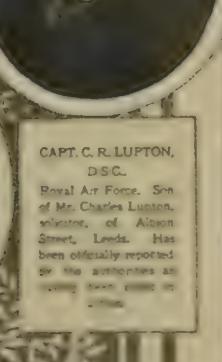
CAPT. T. SCOTT BELGRAVE,
M.C. Son of Mr. Francis Belgrave, of the
late Mrs. Thomas Belgrave, of Belgrave
Street, London, and
now reported as being killed
in action.



CAPT. WILLIAM R. GUY
M.C.
Royal Air Force. Mentioned in
despatches. Second son of Dr. and
Mrs. Spencer Pearson, Clapham
Road. Killed in an accident.



LIEUT-COL. WILLIAM BOVET,
R.E., C.R.E. Elder surviving son of the late
Mr. Frederick Bovet, and of Mrs. Bovet,
Addison Gardens, W. Officially reported
killed in action.



CAPT. J. DACRES BELGRAVE,
M.C.
Son of Mr. Dacres J. Belgrave,
barrister-at-law, and of Mrs. Belgrave,
of County End, Chinnor, Oxon.
Officially reported killed.



2ND LIEUT. E. TYRRELL
BRUCE,
Machine Gun Corps. Son of
the late Col. Edward Bruce,
C.B., Indian Army, and of
Mrs. Bruce, Folkestone.



2ND LIEUT. MAURICE S.
STUART,
R. Highlanders. Only surviving
child of the Rev. W. Stevenson
Stuart, B.D., of Sandfield Church, Glasgow.



2ND LIEUT. WILLIAM GEORGE
CROOK,
Royal Fusiliers. Son of Mrs. Crook,
of Priory Park Road, Kilburn, N.W.
Officially reported as having been killed
in action.



LIEUT. L. F. KENDALL,
Norfolk Regt. Has been
officially reported by the
War Office authorities as
having been killed in
action.



2ND LIEUT. HAROLD
D'ARCY CHAMPNEY,
Yorkshire Regt. Died of
wounds, a prisoner of war.
Son of Col. F. D'Arcy
Champney, of Scarborough.

The Seizure of Kirkuk: A Place of "Dominating Importance" in Northern Mesopotamia.

SEEN FROM THE SOUTH, ACROSS THE RIVER: KIRKUK, A KURDISH CENTRE, WITH ITS BRIDGE (THE NEAREST ARCH BLOWN UP)



IN THE VICINITY OF KIRKUK: THE KURDISH GRAVEYARD AND PHALLIC MONUMENTS AT TUZ KURMAHI



IN KIFRI DURING OUR OCCUPATION: TYPICAL BUILDINGS

Kirkuk, a Kurdish town 185 miles along the road between Baghdad and Mosul, on the eastern side of the Tigris, was the scene of a smart piece of work by the advanced guard of the right wing of General Marshall's forces early in May. The place, a Turkish advanced magazine depot, at that time considered by the Turks of "dominating



NEAR KIRKUK: A TOMB NEAR TANG, ON THE KIFRI-KIRKUK ROAD

importance," was occupied, and, by a further stroke, the enemy was driven back across the Lesser Zab River four days later. Large magazines of Turkish and German military stores were found in Kirkuk, and cleared out by our troops. Our men, after holding Kirkuk and the line of the Lesser Zab for five weeks, rejoined the main British force.

A French Aeroplane-Factory: In the "Grand Hall"—Finishing Processes.

COMPLETING PROCESSES BEING CARRIED ON IN GRADUATED STAGES SUCCESSIVELY AND SIMULTANEOUSLY: AT WORK ON SECTIONS.

The illustration shows the interior of the so-called "Grand Hall" of a large French workshop at an aeroplane-factory, with an immense array of new planes undergoing finishing stages in various completing processes. The work-people—largely women—are seen busy, and the arrangement of the planes in the "shop" is such that a number of

the finishing stages are being carried on by graduated sections of workers successively and simultaneously. The assemblage of the parts and framing composing the fuselage, and the fixing of the wing bracheting, for instance, are going on along the left side. On the right side the workers are mounting the motors on board.



"Look what I've made!"

"Spills?" "Yes, do admire them. They're to light your Kenilworths, now that matches are so precious."

"The very thing. And they're almost as beauti-

fully made as Kenilworth Cigarettes themselves."

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/4 for 20, 3/3 for 50, 6/6 for 100.

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LITERATURE.

"For Dauntless France." Mr. Laurence Binyon's "For Dauntless France" (Hodder and Stoughton) is the official record of the work done to the end of 1917 by Britain for the French wounded and the sufferers in the invaded territories. This service, described by the author as "a labour of love, a gift of

close on four hundred pages—is completed by a useful statistical index, and lists of war-hospital supply depots for France in this country, and of British subjects—some 7500 are named—who have gone abroad on French behalf for Red Cross and kindred war work. The documentary character of Mr. Binyon's book is here insisted on because, while these details are precisely what required to be brought into it, their so careful compilation might not naturally have been expected from one of his particular literary gifts. It has been done in a spirit of devotion to the service and its object, France, which receives recognition in M. Cambon's Preface.

But, having praised it for its usefulness and faithfulness to its text, we can commend "For Dauntless France" no less for the fine sense and far reach of its comment on the relations between the two great nations which this war-work has discovered and renewed and developed—and, we may hope, bound with fresh fraternal ties. That comment runs like a shining thread through the whole record, and is worked out in the beautiful little terminal, "A Thought for the Future."

"Japan Moves North."

Every well-informed book on the politics of the war

increases one's sense of the magnitude of its issues. It is so with "Japan Moves North" (Cassell), in which an American, Mr. Frederic Coleman, addresses himself to the question: "Should Japan go to Siberia?" He answers it in the affirmative, his argument, when briefly summarised, running as follows: The Russians in Siberia are better developed politically than the people of European Russia. Their broader outlook makes them less vulnerable to the assaults of pernicious doctrines. A Prussian scheme is afoot for organising an army in Siberia from the prison camps. On the other hand, there are some 350,000 Russian soldiers there, and, though soaked in German propaganda, they are not unpatriotic, and a section of them at least would fight. If, therefore, her soldiery were

THE ONLY UNION JACK WHICH FLIES ALL THE YEAR ROUND: ON THE RUINS OF THE HISTORIC RESIDENCY OF LUCKNOW, WITH ITS SHELL-HOLED WALLS STILL STANDING.

Tennyson's famous lines on the Defence of Lucknow are strangely in point in the present connection: "Ever upon the topmost tower the Banner of England blew."

the Russian Revolution, and discussed it with persons of all shades of opinion in Japan thereafter. His conclusion is not reached without facing the difficulties—notably the intense distrust of Japan in Siberia itself.



WHERE MEN FROM THE EAST AFRICA WAR-ZONE AND ELSEWHERE RECUPERATE—AT A DURBAN (NATAL) REST-CAMP: A COOK-HOUSE STAFF AND MULE-TEAM OUTSIDE THE COOK-HOUSE.

friend to friend," ought, he says, to be known, and the budget of it could not have been compiled with a more admirable painstaking or in a more sympathetic spirit than we find in this volume. The actual record covers four spheres of activity. First, there is that of the convoys, or ambulances, in which are surveyed the little companies of English-driven grey Red Cross cars along the hundreds of miles of the French front, from the dunes of Flanders to the fire-scorched heights of the Meuse, driving the wounded to train and hospital, or going up to the posts where the guns are flashing and destroying. Next come the hospitals, the story of which is told not in terms of general approbation, but in lucid detail which enables the reader to mark down both place and date of service. Thereafter the work in the canteens and of relief in the devastated zones is similarly followed. This record proper is introduced and closed by sections of comment and personal impression, and the thick volume—it runs to



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109

LADIES' PAGE.

EQUAL pay for equal work" is one of the standing mottoes on the "feminist" banner, and the concrete demand is now being urged by the most compact and distinctive body of women workers that we have—namely, the women public elementary school teachers. The men teachers do not want the women to have it; in their trades union, of which both sexes may be members, the men teachers have proved strong enough to veto the demand of the women for equal pay, so far as their opinion counts. It is not easy to see why they should thus object. The wiser trades unionists generally perceive that a great check on the employment of women is to demand that they shall always receive equal pay with men. The passing of the Education Bill in the House of Commons was then made an opportunity to urge this principle upon Parliament, but it was there rejected. No valid argument was offered against the proposition; but the Minister in charge of the Bill urged that, before ordering local education authorities to give what would amount to a considerable rise in the salaries of women, the Government itself must show the way—the women Civil Servants must first be given equal pay for equal work with the men. Finally, the London County Council was approached by the women teachers in its employ with a large petition for a rise in the women's salaries so as to make them equal with those of male teachers. The County Council have refused the request, on a Committee's report that the women assistant teachers in the London schools get an average salary of just under £200, with provision for an annuity at a certain age of £128. Moreover, they add, there are posts available for one in every ten of the women teachers carrying salaries ranging from £300 to £450 a year. The Council observe that "there is no other occupation employing nearly 12,000 women at anything like such rates of payment," which is certainly perfectly true. And as these salaries are wholly provided from the rates and taxes—which have to be contributed to by the single working women with salaries smaller by far than those of teachers, and by middle-class parents who are also bearing the cost of the education of their own families themselves—it is praiseworthy for a public body to stand firm against all unreasonable demands for rises in the pay of their employees, both men and women.

I know of but one valid argument against "equal pay for equal work," and that is that the salary or wage of a man has to be based upon the assumption that he will marry and maintain a home. His money, you see, must suffice to cover the maintenance of a woman and children.



A HOME DINNER-GOWN.

This is made of jade-green georgette, both colour and material being very popular just now, and has cream lace about it. There is a short train at the back.

To make this a fair argument, the men who do not actually undertake to "raise" a family ought to be taxed extra for the benefit of the women whom they have not married—the poor elderly spinsters! There is one instance of a man seeing this for himself. After the great San Francisco earthquake, in which thousands of women lost all their possessions by fire, a wealthy bachelor of the State voluntarily taxed himself a very large sum to supply a complete new wardrobe to several hundred women, giving as his reason for this novel benefaction that he felt himself responsible to society for the fact that he had never provided for a wife and daughters of his own.

Corsets are a necessity! Yes, the fact is proclaimed by the Ministry of Munitions! They have decided to release no less than fifteen hundred tons of steel to make busks, as it has been proved to the satisfaction of the august authorities that women cannot work properly at munitions unless they may have corsets. As far as the girls are concerned who have been brought up to encircle their bodies with a stiff support, this is probably quite true. If a little girl be put into corsets, and brought up continuously so confined, the muscles that should support her upright form will actually never be developed. I know a girl who was brought up without ever wearing any sort of stays; she has a beautiful figure, and remarkable health; she has often set out from the family home in Surrey and walked twenty-five miles to breakfast with her father at his London chambers; she holds the N.S.A. official certificate of having swum a mile without one stop, and so on. This young woman simply cannot now wear corsets, even occasionally, because her naturally developed muscles, like those of the Venus of Milo with her twenty-seven-inch waist, fight with the steel and whalebone, and finally, after a painful contest, make bulges here and there in the stiff, straight garment! If the women of the future are—as there is reason to expect—to work hard for a living, they had better be brought up to rely on their own natural perfect development rather than on steel-and-whalebone-stiffened garments. The present fashion in costume, hanging chiefly from the shoulders and made all in one piece—coat-frocks, one-piece robes, jumpers—does not in the least need corsets; and if this fashion could be maintained, and the next generation of girls brought up without artificial support—as surely Nature intended—they would never need any such thing, and would be enormously the stronger in physique and the healthier in function therefore. But the women of the present day, for the most part, were not so brought up—hence fifteen hundred tons of good steel have to be spared from making shells to brace up their undeveloped forms.—FILOMENA.

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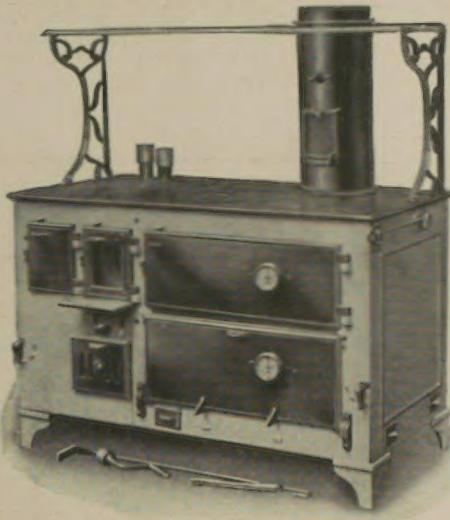
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Four Months' Petrol for the Army. In last week's notes I referred briefly to a letter from Mr. Walter Long expressing appreciation of the spirit in which the motoring community has accepted the restrictions imposed upon the pursuit of automobilism. Since I wrote it has been allowed to transpire, without any exact figures being given, that the saving of motor-spirit effected by the restrictions during the past twelvemonth has been equal to a volume sufficient to supply the whole of the needs of the British armies in France for a period of four months. I certainly think the Petroleum Executive are to be congratulated upon having vouchsafed this item of information. As a rule, we are not, on the whole, given to the practice of reasoning out the why and wherefore of restrictions on our personal liberty of action—we simply accept them because they are imposed, and with

a more or less vague feeling that perhaps they may be assisting towards winning the war; but, on the other hand, it is just as likely they are born of mere caprice or a

as vexations and as going far beyond the necessities of the case; but when the actual facts, as shown in the bald statement I have quoted, are made available, we are able to see what a really important bearing these petrol restrictions have on the conduct of the war. At some later stage we may be told the actual amount saved in millions of gallons, which will very greatly add to the interest; but even without those figures it should be a matter of intense satisfaction to the motoring community to know that the sacrifices it has made have been of such material assistance in this time of emergency. There is just one remark to be made in this connection, which is that, now it is known how great a saving has been effected by the sacrifice of the convenience of the private motorist, the users of Government vehicles (who are not always as careful as they might be in the matter of unnecessary use) may be impelled to assist in the campaign of economy; or perhaps the authorities who control their use may see that it would do no one any

(Continued overleaf.)



TAKING CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS FOR A DRIVE: MRS. SYDNEY POWELL.

Mrs. Sydney Powell, who has just returned from the Balkans, where she has been driving a motor ambulance on the Serbian front, is seen in our photograph taking wounded soldiers for a drive. Before the war, Mrs. Powell was a participant in motor-driving competitions, using principally a 10-h.p. Humber car, or a "Humberette."

bureaucratic desire to assert authority. I know that in many quarters the aforesaid restrictions have been regarded

the campaign of economy; or perhaps the authorities who control their use may see that it would do no one any

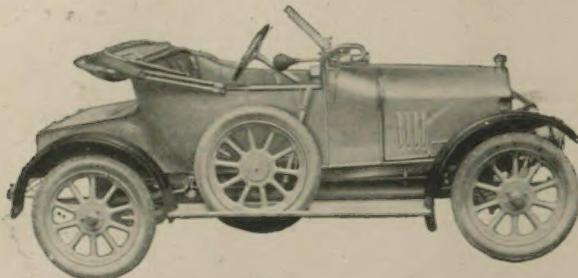
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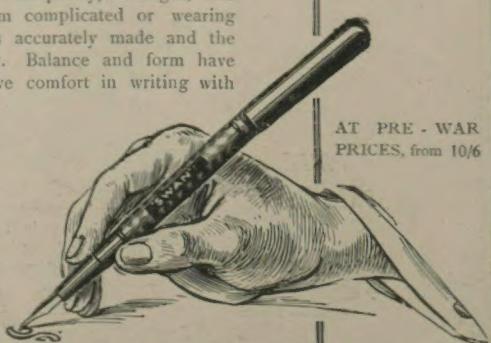
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